

Martin Box

A decorative gold-colored flourish consisting of symmetrical, swirling acanthus-like leaves and scrolls, with a central vertical element that tapers to a point.

62



1910 - 11 yearbook presented in  
October of 1981 by Mrs. Lillie  
Reid Grigsby Abernathy (Class  
of 1912)



# MARTIN BOX




*Under the Management of*

The Two Literary Societies


MARTIN COLLEGE

PULASKI, TENNESSEE

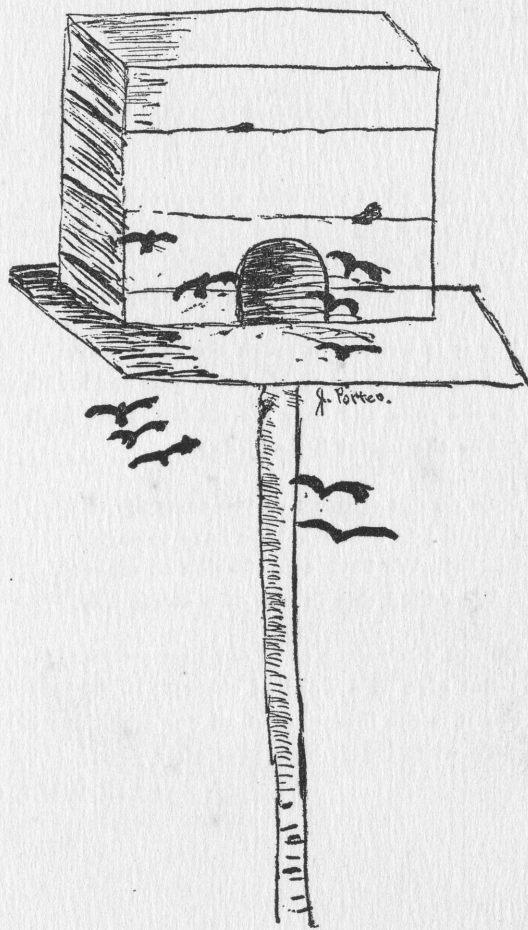




Dedicated to the memory of  
MR. THOMAS MARTIN,  
whose love and generosity  
made possible the institution  
which is doing so much for the  
young women of the South.









## *Martin Box*

We hope all of you who are represented here,  
Who are the best and wisest people,  
Will look upon this little book  
As the martin does upon its steeple.

For it is written in much the same way,  
And with as many kind thoughts and loving words,  
As the snug and cozy martin boxes are built  
For the useful little birds.

Now do not criticise us too severely  
Until you hear what we have to say.  
Listen! We have a confession to make:  
We edited this in our own sweet way.

Do not discourage us in our first attempt,  
But give us a word of cheer;  
For it is the intention of all our ambitious hearts  
To write better ones year after year.

SALLIE WILL CLARK.



## *Annual Staff*

SALLIE WILL CLARK - - - - - Editor in Chief and Treasurer  
NANCY TUCKER RENN - - - - - Business Manager  
FLORENCE GILBERT - - - - - Assistant Business Manager and Secretary  
RUTH WORLEY - - - - - Class Editor  
VIRGINIA OLIVER - - - - - Art Editor  
ROBERTA McLAURINE - - - - - Literary Editor  
LEILA MAE BOOTH - - - - - Expression Editor  
ANNIE BUTLER - - - - - Athletics Editor  
LUCILE JONES - - - - - Poet  
RUTH HUNTER - - - - - Music Editor





Annual Staff.

## *School Calendar, 1910-1911*



September 14, Wednesday, at 9 A.M. - - - - - Fortieth Session Begins  
November 24, Thursday - - - - - Thanksgiving Day  
December 22, Thursday, at noon - - - - - Christmas Holidays Begin  
January 3, Tuesday - - - - - College Exercises Resumed  
January 16, Monday - - - - - Second Term Begins  
May 21, Sunday - - - - - Baccalaureate Sermon  
May 22, Monday - - - - - Alumnae Day  
May 23, Tuesday - - - - - Celebration of Literary Societies  
May 24, Wednesday - - - - - Commencement Day



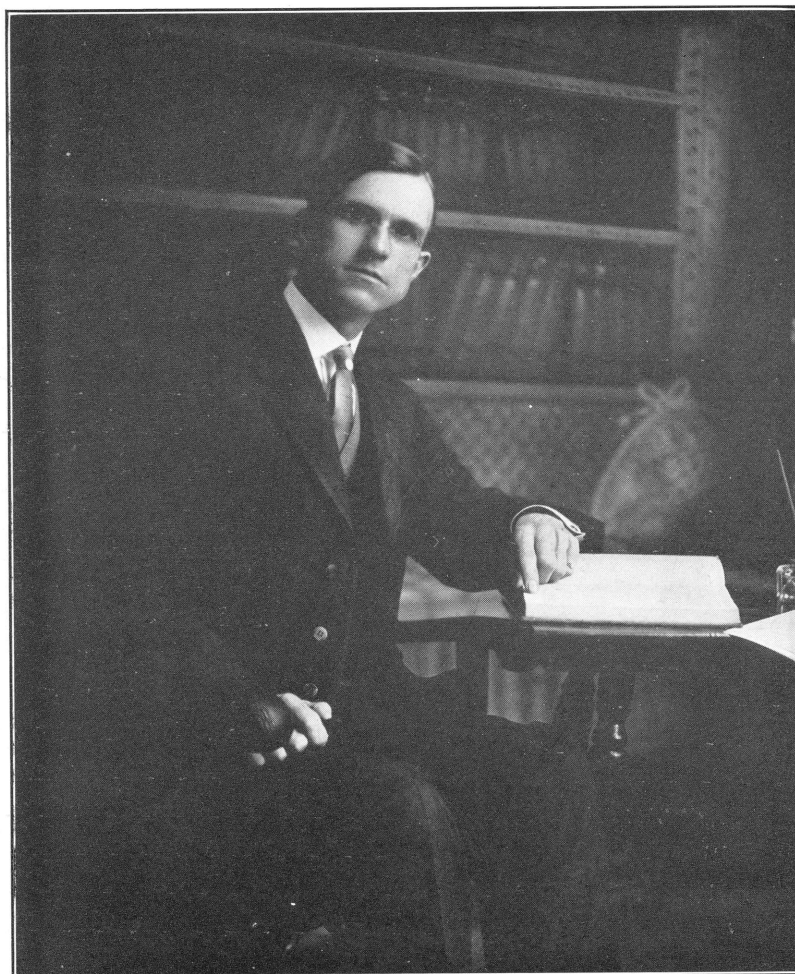


Martin College, West View.

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Our President.



Mrs. Wynn.



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FLORENCE M. MARDONS



IDA PATRICK

MARTIN

COLLEGE

## *The Faculty, 1909-1910*

WILLIAM T. WYNN, A.B., President  
(Emory College; University of Chicago; Columbia University),  
English and Bible.

MISS IDA PATRICK, A.B.  
(Woman's College of Due West; Erskine College; Winthrop  
Normal College),  
Latin and French.

MISS FLORENCE MAY MADDOCKS, B.S.  
(University of Kentucky; Columbia University),  
Mathematics and Science.

MISS CORA E. JACOBY  
(State Normal College, Pennsylvania; Emerson College of Oratory;  
Edith Coburn Noyes School),  
Expression and English.

MISS LAURA BENTON  
(Ward Seminary; Chautauqua; Student Anna B. Leonard, New York; Student  
Rhoda Holmes Nichols, Gloucester, Mass.; Student in Italy, 1908),  
Art and History.

MISS SALLIE SHAPARD  
(Byhalia Female Institute, Mississippi),  
Principal of Primary Department.

MISS RUTH WORLEY, A.B.  
(Martin College),  
Assistant in Mathematics.

MISS MYRTLE BOULDIN  
(Martin College),  
Assistant in Science.

J. B. GRASSE, F.R.S.  
(Lehrer Seminar of Speyer, Germany; Graduate Music School  
of Munchen, Bavaria, Germany),  
Director of Music.

MISS AVA BENNETT AYCOCK  
(Louisburg Female College; Southern Conservatory of Music, N. C.),  
Director of Vocal Department.

MISS FANNIE FROST MILLER  
(Soule College; Graduate Professor Strahm, Tennessee Academy of Music)  
Assistant Pianoforte.

MRS. W. T. WYNN  
(Eufaula D. Academy, Alabama; Student Bryson Library,  
Teachers' College, New York),  
Domestic Science.

MRS. CORA COOLEY  
(St. Charles School, Missouri),  
Matron.

MISS SARAH RIDGWAY  
(Summer School of the South, Tennessee),  
Supply Teacher.

MRS. CORNELIA CLARK CANNON  
(Moothart's Business College, Missouri),  
Presiding Teacher, Secretary to the President.





# Senior Class



Motto: "Not failure, but low aim, is a crime."

Colors: Pink and Silver.

Flower: Pinks.

## YELL.

Dedo, dado, dido, doo!  
We're the Seniors—who are you?  
Reprove us not for the money we spend;  
We're the Class of Nineteen Ten!

## CLASS OFFICERS.

RUTH LACIE WORLEY	- - - - -	President
SALLIE WILL CLARK	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer
ROBERTA LOUISE McLAURINE	- - - - -	Poet
NANCY TUCKER RENN	- - - - -	Prophet
LYLA MAE MILLER	- - - - -	Historian



SALLIE WILL CLARK.

"Her open eyes desire the truth;  
The wisdom of a thousand years lies in them."

President of Philosophian Society, Second Term; Treasurer of Glee Club; Secretary and Treasurer of Senior Class; Secretary of I. M. P.; Editor in Chief and Treasurer of Martin Box.

RUTH LACIE WORLEY, A.B.

"The dearest friend, the best condition'd,  
And unwearied spirit in doing courtesies."

President of Senior Class; President of Philosophian Society, First Term; Vice President of Philosophian Society, Second Term; Class Editor of Martin Box; Secretary of Dramatic Club.







ROBERTA LOUISE McLAURINE, A.B.

"A rose in the rosebud garden of girls."

Secretary of Philosophian Society, First Term; Marshal of Society, Second Term; Poet of Senior Class; Literary Editor of Martin Box.



NANCY TUCKER RENN.

"Small of stature, but great of mind."

Business Manager of Martin Box; President of Noyes Dramatic Club; Critic of Phi Kappa Society, First Term; Prophet of Senior Class.



LYLA MAE MILLER.

"Maiden with the meek, blue eyes,  
In whose orbs a shadow lies,  
Like the dusk in evening skies."

Vice President of Phi Kappa Society, First Term; Critic  
of Society, Second Term; Historian of Senior Class.

## *Psalm of the Seniors*



Tell us not in mournful numbers  
That we Seniors are but a dream;  
For a college is dead that slumbers,  
And we five are just what we seem.

Professor Wynn is real, Professor Wynn is earnest,  
A thorough education has been his goal;  
Study thou hard and praise returnest,  
And praise is good for the soul.

Some of our studies have caused us sorrow,  
But things always ended our way;  
For no study was left for to-morrow—  
Each Senior was ready for to-day.

Months seemed long, but days went fleeting,  
When we Seniors studied and were grave.  
Though our hearts like muffled drums were beating  
As we marched to our classes grave.

With Latin and French and German to battle  
Has been our school life;  
We Seniors have not been driven like dumb cattle,  
But have been led by fine teachers in our strife.

In our studies our teachers have all been pleasant,  
Although we studied Latin, the language that's dead;  
But we Seniors acted and lived in the present—  
Heart within and God overhead.

Lives of our teachers will always remind us  
We can teach and make our lives sublime;  
And when we depart, may leave behind us  
An example that will last all time.

An example that perhaps another,  
Going through the college domain,  
Will not need encouragement from a Massey brother  
To give them heart again.

So, hurrah to Martin College! She is up and doing,  
And a Senior is your fate.  
If you go achieving and pursuing,  
You've only graduation to wait.

ROBERTA McLAURINE, Poet.



## *Senior Class History*



For quality, not quantity, we diligently worked,  
Among our grand five no toil was e'er shirked;  
In proud colors, red and white, we boast—  
"Here's to love and to happiness," our old Martin toast.

Among our number quiet Ruth is found,  
Never quarreling or grumbling when Psychology rolled  
around,  
Ever making a hundred without toil or dread;  
In our happy five Ruth stands at the head.

The class was well blessed with an incessant talker.  
Now, whom do you guess? Why, Sallie Will, the  
knocker.  
When the cannon had reached her, the powder was dry,  
So she shot every one without effort or sigh.

Nancy was a bright, enterprising young miss,  
And to see her gymnastic exercise was bliss;  
But to write a love sonnet was her greatest delight,  
When she could find Keats and copy it right.

And now for the girl who was always worth while,  
For one never failing to greet with a smile;  
Roberta was young, but an industrious lass,  
Who served as a carrier of news to the class.

'Tis easy enough when you write about others,  
And can tell of the maids and their far-away lovers;  
But the girl that's worth while is the girl that will smile  
When you tell of her tricks and adventures wild.

I wonder where they are to-day as I sit and write;  
I wonder if they are gay, and if the world treats them  
right;  
As time upon her wings doth flee,  
I'll wonder none the less if those friends still remember  
me.

LYLA MAE MILLER, Historian.

## *Prophecy of Class of 1910*



THE sound of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" is dying as I speed away around the corner in New York City. I leave one of the sweetest and happiest little weddings I have ever attended, and I am now ready to start for a tour of Europe in an auto. Our boat leaves dock for the Old World in a few minutes, so I shall hurry on.

We safely land on the other side, after a very pleasant voyage, and now take to our machine to continue our tour through that beautiful country among the Alps. We plan to go first to "Gay Paree." It does not take us long to decide on the amusement for the evening; for when we hear of "the great prima donna" who is to give her last concert before returning to her summer home, we immediately send for tickets. We find it very difficult to secure tickets, but finally obtain standing room at the back of the theater. It is well we hurried, for no sooner have we entered than the doors are shut to a great crowd of people anxious to hear her also.

The curtain rises, and I find the face of the singer is very familiar. I rack my brain trying to place her, but in vain; so I decide that I am mistaken and begin to listen more attentively.

She sings in French, German, English; and then, as a whim of her own (for very few understand it), she sings a ballad in Old English. There! I know exactly who it is, for she hesitates over "fæt." How could I ever have mistaken her? It is my old classmate, Roberta.

I send my card to her, and, to my joy, she invites us to supper at her hotel immediately after the concert.

We spend a delightful evening together talking over old times; and Roberta tells me that after finishing her vocal training under Miss Aycock she studied abroad, and then, after much persuasion from her friends, came before the public. She was making herself famous as the greatest lyric singer of 1920.

We cannot stay as long as we would with this great singer, and again hurry on.

We have a lovely trip through most of the interesting places abroad, and now decide to start for "home" after a day or two in London. It is late in the afternoon when we reach London; and after refreshing myself a bit, I come down and rest in the reception hall until tea. There seems much excitement in the lobby. I hear a very shrill-voiced person, much excited, talking at a great rate on



some subject—"The Importance of American-European Literary Societies." The voice is a bit familiar, but I am too tired to pay much attention to it. When I hear the lady say she is coming into the room to see if she has any sympathizers, I look up, and, to my surprise, I perceive that it is our own stately Ruth Worley, who, not being satisfied with having her society only in a college, has, since her graduation, been working faithfully to make the Philisophian Society a national organization, and has now succeeded. We do not wonder that she has succeeded, for we all know that Ruth never gives up a thing until she has fully accomplished her purpose. She is now preparing to go back and teach mathematics in her Alma Mater.

We arrive home after a delightful trip abroad. It is while slowly touring along the Great Lakes that our machine gets out of order. We send it to the shop, and decide to look around at the things of interest while waiting. We have made a thorough round of the city, the only place left being a very pretty school—a very fashionable school, too. We saved this for the last place, hoping the machine would be ready; for I have never liked schools, and the idea of visiting one did not appeal to me. Why, I haven't been in one since I left "Old Martin."

The young girl who is taking us over the building speaks so often of her president, of whom she seems exceedingly fond. The president being away at that time, we could not see her; but I found that she was none other than my classmate, Sallie Will, who, after leaving college, planned a school of her own, an improvement over Martin, to manage as she thought wise.

I asked if their president, Miss Clark, was very strict. She answered: "Some of the girls think she is too much so. We can only have young men company four times a week. We go out in town only when we have some shopping, or there is an opera, or we get invited. We actually are expected to study occasionally." So, you see, Sallie Will had what you might term a very "popular school," and found no trouble in getting plenty of girls under her "very strict eagle eye."

We have only one more place to visit, and then—home. Florida, that beautiful country of orange blossoms and palms, we have saved to the last; for although we started in June, it is now the middle of November.

We are in Tampa; and as I sit dreaming of my pleasant trip and wondering how strange it is that I should have by accident run across nearly all of my classmates—all except one—I am wondering where Lyla is. Somehow, we had drifted apart, and I did not even know where she lived. Maybe she doesn't live any more, and my heart ached at the very thought.

But I see the automobile at the door, and I must get on my wraps. I am invited to attend a recep-



tion given by the bankers to the visitors of the Hotel Santa Fé. Everything is beautiful—flowers, palms, music—and every one in the best of humor. Suddenly I feel myself being seized and tightly hugged. It nearly takes my breath; and when I regain myself, I look to see who has made so dreadful a mistake. No mistake. It is Lyla, my old school-fellow of 1910. I look at her in amazement, for I never dreamed of seeing her here. She has grown quite beautiful, and her gown of satin and lace, her rings and necklace of pearls, tell the story that she is wealthy. It comes to me like a flash. Could I ever forget the one Mr. H., a banker, who was once so interested in Lyla even in those dear old days at Martin? It is true, as I had guessed—she has married and is now “Mrs. H.”

“But what are you doing here, and who is that man behind you, such a splendid athlete as I have never seen?” she suddenly asked me.

As usual, I blushed, and, after some little embarrassment, explained that it was my husband, for I was now just ending my “honeymoon.” It had been my own little wedding I had attended at the “little church around the corner.”

NANCY TUCKER RENN,

Prophet.



# Junior Class



**Motto:** "Visez aux étoiles quand même vous tomberiez par terre."

**Colors:** Black and Gold.

**Flower:** Black-Eyed Susan.

## CLASS OFFICERS.

MARY ELIZA MONTGOMERY	- - - - -	President
VIRGINIA C. OLIVER	- - - - -	Vice President
RUTH HUNTER	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer
ELLEN JENKINS	- - - - -	Historian
LEILA MAE BOOTH	- - - - -	Poet

KATHERINE COLLINS.

"A light wife doth make a heavy husband."

MARY E. MONTGOMERY.

"Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?"

ELLEN JENKINS.

"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

CLEOPATRA POTTS.

"A little more than kin and less than kind."

LUCILE JONES.

"Lend every man thine ear, but few thy voice."

FLORENCE GILBERT.

"Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast."

McCALLUM AYMETT.

"The dearest friend, the best condition'd, and unwearied spirit in doing courtesies."

VIRGINIA OLIVER.

"A Daniel come to judgment—yea, a Daniel!"

MARSHALL JOHNSTONE.

"Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;  
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I."

RUTH HUNTER.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,  
Doubt that the sun doth move,  
Doubt truth to be a liar,  
But never doubt I love."

ANNE BUTLER.

"The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

LEILA MAE BOOTH.

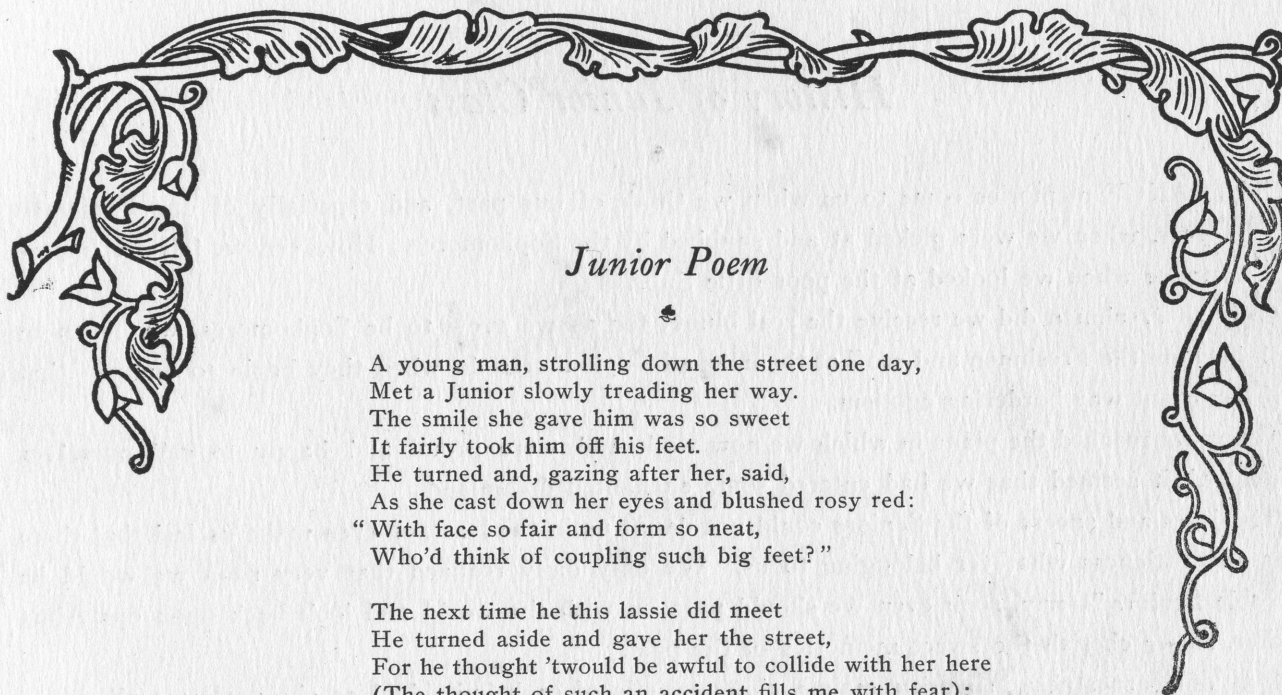
"She speaks an infinite deal of nothing."

BESSIE JACKSON.

"The sweetest flower of all the field."







### *Junior Poem*

A young man, strolling down the street one day,  
Met a Junior slowly treading her way.  
The smile she gave him was so sweet  
It fairly took him off his feet.  
He turned and, gazing after her, said,  
As she cast down her eyes and blushed rosy red:  
"With face so fair and form so neat,  
Who'd think of coupling such big feet?"

The next time he this lassie did meet  
He turned aside and gave her the street,  
For he thought 'twould be awful to collide with her here  
(The thought of such an accident fills me with fear);  
But the Junior, blissfully ignorant of the fact  
That her large feet did such notice attract,  
Marched on steadily at her usual pace,  
And fancied the attention due to her winsome face.

LEILA MAE BOOTH.

## *History of Junior Class*



**S**TRANGE memories come to us when we think of our past, and especially of our Freshman year, when we were picked at and snubbed by the Sophomores. However, we felt our importance when we looked at the poor little Subs.

Only as Freshmen did we receive the real blunt; for as we grew to be Sophomores, we began to look back on the Freshmen and scoff at them, as all Sophomores do when they begin to walk in that self-important way bordering egotism.

When we reached the plane in which we now walk and were proud and happy to call ourselves "Juniors," it seemed that we had entered some enchanted dreamland.

The jeers and sneers of the Seniors could not daunt us in the least, or even make us feel that there was any littleness whatever belonging to us. We only daily realized that very soon we would be "Noble Seniors"—nay, soon even we should pass on with the world and look back upon our Alma Mater, as we cherish the sweet memories of the past.

May our earnestness in work remain a characteristic of each individual as she performs all duties of life.

ELLEN JENKINS,

Historian.





## *Sophomore Class*

Motto: "Work to win."

Colors: Purple and White.

Flower: Violet.

### CLASS OFFICERS.

ELIZABETH WADE	- - - - -	President
LILLIE REID GRIGSBY	- - - - -	Vice President
MYRTLE BOULDIN	- - - - -	Secretary
MINNIE LEE STONE	- - - - -	Treasurer

### MEMBERS.

MYRTLE BOULDIN.	LUCY MEADOWS.
BROWN COLLINS.	JANIE PORTER.
MARY NEIL CATHEY.	IRENE SCALES.
LILLIE REID GRIGSBY.	MINNIE L. STONE.
EULALIA HARWELL.	AILEEN TALLY.
LEONA HEAD.	ELIZABETH WADE.
TENNIE YOUNGER.	



Sophomore Class.



## *History of Sophomore Class*

**A**T the opening of the fall term, 1908, we found ourselves Freshmen. When we entered, we were sure we knew more than the Seniors; but Mr. Wynn soon changed our minds. Through that long term we began to realize how little we did know, and it was with fear and trembling that we entered "Lions' Den" every morning, for fear we had not everything "perfectly clear" in our minds.

When Lucie first made her appearance, we all wondered if she had strayed from the Gypsies.

Lillie Reid ("Sally") was never known to be still five minutes, even when she was asked the definition of "idiosyncrasies."

Came also Janie Porter, who began her career as a Freshie; and there is no telling to what height she will go as a painter. She would even excel angels if she would paint a picture of the Freshman Class, I'm sure.

Minnie Lee, the dark-eyed maiden, brought with her many winsome ways, which will always make friends.

Tennie and Myrtle were two devoted lovers, giving us the honor of being the only class with a real "crush."

Irene burnt midnight oil preparing her brilliant English lessons.

Mary Neil—O, how we envy her, because she knows all the inhabitants of Massey!

Elizabeth, one of the best promoters of class spirit, floated into the class and at once found herself one of its central figures.

Aileen, one of the "good workers," helped to uphold the standard of the class.

Eulalia, by her studious ways and charming manners, added much to the reputation of the class.

At the end of the year our strenuous efforts were repaid by having Mr. Wynn give us the honor of being the best Freshman Class he had ever taught. With this in our behalf, we looked forward to being Sophomores with great expectations; and now the time has come when we are Sophomores and about to be Juniors.

Our class was organized on October 14, 1909. Two new members joined us, Brown Collins and Leona Head—a small member, but O how mighty! Brown, a girl of great worth, would be of greater

worth did she not use the President's office as a sitting room. Leona was a girl from the extreme Southland. Up to the time she entered Martin, she had never had any instructor but her own "pater familias." Woe to Leona! Her emotions, always peals of laughter or sobs of agony, have had the effect of increasing her avoirdupois to such an extent that a coat seemed necessary to complete her costume before leaving us for Christmas vacation.

### CHARACTERISTICS.

#### JANIE PORTER.

Height: 5 feet 2 inches.  
Pet: Black calf.  
Favorite dish: Ham.  
Nickname: "Sookey Doodle."  
Favorite saying: "'Tain't."  
Color: Red.  
Blonde.

#### LEONA HEAD.

Height: 5 feet.  
Color: Blue.  
Favorite dish: Sour pickle.  
Saying: "What tickles me to death."  
Pet: Black cat.  
Nickname: "Brush Out."  
Brunette.

#### AILEEN TALLEY.

Height: 5 feet 5 inches.  
Pet: 'Possum.  
Favorite dish: Grits.  
Nickname:  
Favorite saying: "Wait a minute."  
Blonde.

#### MARY NEIL CATHEY.

Height: 5 feet 5 inches.  
Pet: Lane chicken.  
Favorite dish: Pig feet.  
Nickname: "Turtle Dove."  
Favorite saying: "Tut, tut."  
Color: Blue.  
Blonde.

#### ELIZABETH WADE.

Height: 5 feet 2 inches.  
Pet: Fox-terrier pups.  
Favorite dish: Chicken salad.  
Nickname: "Lib."  
Favorite saying: "Pie face."  
Color: Lavender.  
Blonde.

#### EULALIA HARWELL.

Height, 5 feet 5 inches.  
Pet: Poodle dog.  
Favorite saying: "My, my!"  
Favorite dish: Grits.  
Color: Red.  
Blonde.

LILLIE REID GRIGSBY.

Height: 4 feet 4 inches.  
Pet: One-eared pup.  
Favorite dish: Pie.  
Nickname: "Sally."  
Favorite saying: "You little lobster!"  
Color: Yellow.  
Brunette.

MYRTLE BOULDIN.

Height: 5 feet 8 inches.  
Color: Red.  
Favorite dish: Boiled custard.  
Favorite saying: "Pshaw!"  
Pet: Shepherd dog.  
Blonde.

IRENE SCALES.

Height: 5 feet 3 inches.  
Pet: Crippled chicken.  
Favorite dish: Grits.  
Nickname: "Queenie."  
Favorite saying: "O, gee!"  
Color: Blue.  
Brunette.

BROWN COLLINS.

Height: 6 feet 4 inches.  
Pet: Whale.  
Favorite dish: Salads.  
Nickname: "Fatty."  
Favorite saying: "Laugh like a nigger now."  
Color: Sky-blue green.  
Brunette.

MINNIE LEE STONE.

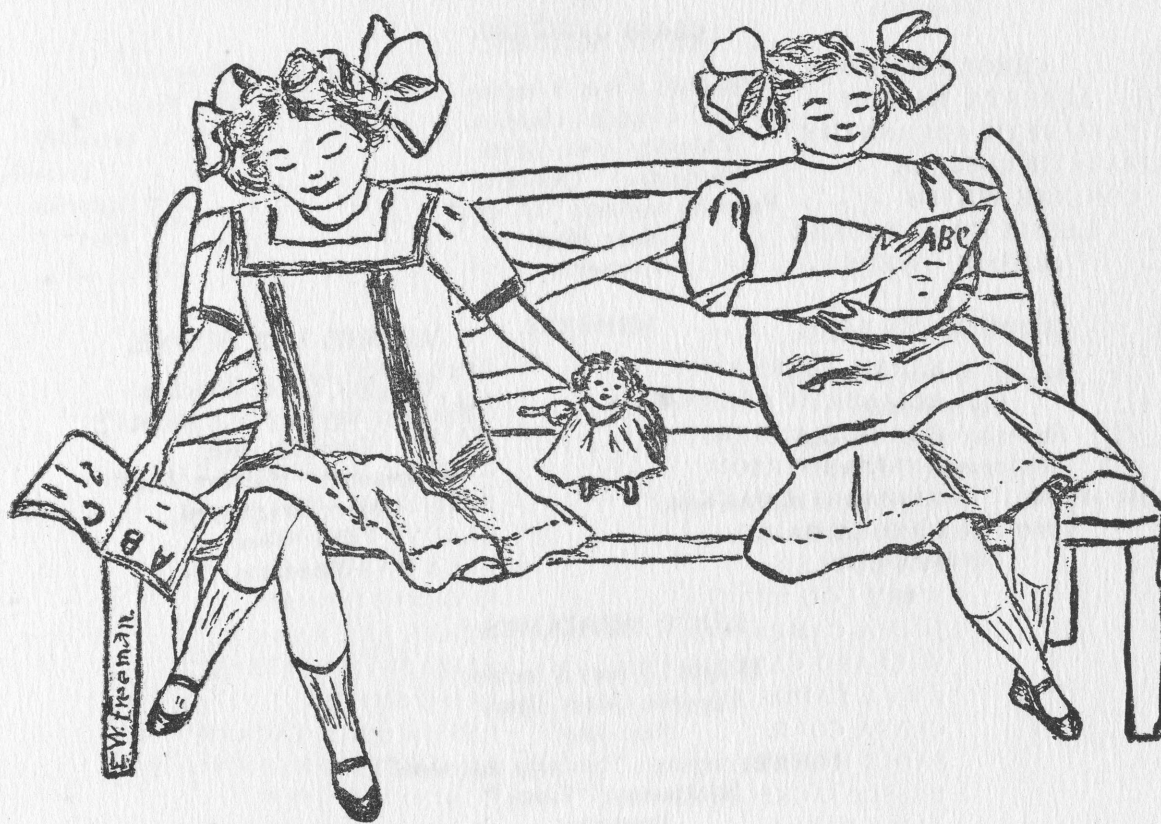
Height: 3 feet 2 inches.  
Favorite saying: "O, shoot!"  
Favorite dish:  
Nickname: "Hickory Liz."  
Color: Bright red.  
Pet: Flea.  
Brunette.

LUCY MEADOWS.

Height: 5 feet 3 inches.  
Favorite color: Blue.  
Pet: Boy.  
Favorite saying: "So help my soul."  
Nickname: "Luce."  
Brunette.



# Freshmen.



# *Freshman Class*



**Motto:** "There is nothing too high to be reached, nothing too good to be done."

**Colors:** Garnet and Gold.

**Flower:** Red Carnation.

## **CLASS OFFICERS.**

CREOLA BAIRD	- - - - -	President
ALBERTA WILSON	- - - - -	Vice President
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	- - - - -	Secretary
ELIZABETH RUSSELL	- - - - -	Treasurer
CORINNE WHITE	- - - - -	Historian
LESSIE GRAY TACKER	- - - - -	Poet
BESSIE OWENS	- - - - -	Critic

## **MEMBERS.**

SARAH ABERNATHY.	BIRDIE MILLER.
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY.	LILLIE MILLER.
BERNICE ANDERSON.	MAMIE MADRAY.
NELL ANDERSON.	EUGENE MONTGOMERY.
ELIZABETH BANKS.	BESSIE OWENS.
CREOLA BAIRD.	GLADYS PEDEN.
IVA BUTLER.	ELLA HARWELL.
MARY LOU BRAULEY.	EUGENIE INGRAM.
JIMMA CAMPBELL.	ETHEL LEE RAMBO.
WILLARD CARDEN.	ELIZABETH RUSSELL.
EMMA LADD.	ELISE SMITH.
CLARA COLE.	LESSIE GRAY TACKER.
SADIE HOKETT.	LINDA STEVENSON.
BESSIE JACKSON.	CORINNE WHITE.
ALMA JONES.	ALBERTA WILSON.
MIRIAM MASON.	ORLEAN YOUNG.





Freshman Class.



## *History of Freshman Class*



**A**LAS! on September 15, 1909, in the chapel of Martin College, all eyes were turned toward the Freshman Class—as green as the green grass, as innocent as the lamb on the blue-grass commons. The Class of 1913 is composed of thirty-six girls, young and active. You may count our average years by dividing this number by seven, then multiply the remainder by three and one-fifth. Those who are as good mathematicians as myself may readily find that we average somewhere about thirteen years, two months, twenty-three days, one hour, and sixteen minutes.

Our history has just begun, but we determine to make it the brightest and most successful recorded at Martin College.

We have only three more years to spend here; so what course must we now follow? We do not intend to leave Old Martin in 1910 as wise as the Seniors, and we feel a delicacy in boasting our heroines; for one day when one of them was asked if she were very “idiosyncratical,” she tucked her head and said: “I don’t know; I guess not.” O, how she longed to run to the dictionary or ask some one what it meant!

The Sophs. have tried to teach us our place in the world. We have learned it, not by their teaching, but by their unendurable character.

Next year we hope to show the world a Sophomore Class which will boast of great improvement over the one at Martin this year.

The Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors cannot do anything but stand and look on, longing to be a Freshman again. If we do not turn out to be a smart set of girls, it is not because Mr. Wynn has not done his duty.

CORINNE WHITE.

*Subfreshmen*



# Subfreshman Class

Colors: Purple and Gold.

Flower: Pansy.

Motto: "Good, better, best;  
Never let it rest  
Till your good is better  
And your better best."

## CLASS OFFICERS.

JOANNA BRANSFORD	President
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY	Vice President
SARAH SMITH	Secretary
CORA HOSALE	Treasurer

## MEMBERS.

MYRTLE ALLEN.  
ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH  
RACHAEL AYMETT.  
BESSIE BRUCE.  
JOANNA BRANSFORD.  
PEARL COLE.  
MARGARET CHILDERS.  
MAGGIE M. COX.  
ANNIE EDMUNDSON.

ESTHER FREEMAN.  
MAGGIE GRAY.  
LUCILE HUNTER.  
CORA HOSALE.  
LILLIAN JOHNSON.  
EUNICE KINZER.  
FRANCES KINZER.  
CARRIE MAY.  
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.

ANNA BELL McMILLAN.  
IRENE MALONE.  
AILEEN OWENS.  
JULIA PATRICK.  
ELSIE PETWAY.  
SARAH SMITH.  
ELIZABETH SCALES.  
MARGARET WALLACE.





Subfreshman Class.

*Subcollegiates*





Subcollegiate Class.





## *History of Philosophian Society*



THE Philosophian Society was organized on October 11, 1908, and, therefore, has a brief history, though now at the age of two years it stands firm on its feet.

Its name, derived from the two Greek words  $\Phi\iota\lambda\omicron\varsigma$  and  $\Sigma\omicron\phi\omicron\varsigma$ , was suggested

by Miss Patrick. I know you are surprised, for I had quite a shock myself when the news came to my ears that Miss Patrick had given the society any name having other origin than that of Latin. I would not have thought it possible for her to forsake her favorite at such a time, would you? But we are glad she did, and, true to its meaning, have been "lovers of wisdom." We have ever striven for the best; for "Quality, not Quantity," is our motto.

# Philosophian Society



Colors: Green and White.

Motto: "Quality, not quantity."

Flower: Carnation.

## OFFICERS.

SALLIE WILL CLARK	- - - - -	President
RUTH WORLEY	- - - - -	Vice President
FLORENCE GILBERT	- - - - -	Secretary
EULALIA HARWELL	- - - - -	Treasurer
ELIZABETH ABERNATHY	- - - - -	Critic
ROBERTA McLAURINE, FRANCES KINZER	- - - - -	Marshals
MARY LOU BRAWLEY	- - - - -	Chaplain
CORA HOSALE	- - - - -	Pianist

## MEMBERS.

ELIZABETH ABERNATHY.  
LEILA MAE BOOTH.  
MARY LOU BRAWLEY.  
GLADYS BROWNING.  
JIMMA CAMPBELL.  
WILLARD CARDEN.  
MARGARET CHILDERS.  
SALLIE WILL CLARK.  
CLARA COLE.  
MAGGIE MAUD COX.  
MARY MYRTLE CRAIG.  
RUTH ESICK.  
ESTHER FREEMAN.  
FLORENCE GILBERT.  
LILLIE REID GRIGSBY.  
ELLA HARWELL.

EULALIA HARWELL.  
LYLA HARWELL.  
CORA HOSALE.  
HARRIETT HOPPER.  
EUGENIA INGRAM.  
BESSIE JACKSON.  
ALMA JOHNSTONE.  
LILLIAN JOHNSON.  
FRANCES KINZER.  
MAMIE MADRY.  
MIRIAM MASON.  
BESSIE McCASKILL.  
ROBERTA McLAURINE.  
ANNA BELLE McMILLAN.  
LUCY MEADOWS.  
MARGARET MEADOWS.

EUGENE MONTGOMERY.  
CLEO POTTS.  
MILDRED ROBERTS.  
ELIZABETH SCALES.  
EDNA SIMPSON.  
ELISE SMITH.  
SAMMIE SMITH.  
SARAH SMITH.  
LINDA STEVENSON.  
MARY THOMAS.  
RUTH WORLEY.  
FERN CRUMP.  
AILEEN OWENS.  
ROBBIE COOLEY.  
ORLEAN YOUNG.  
MAY WALES.



Philosophian Society.



## *History of Phi Kappa Society*

**A**S members of the Phi Kappa Literary Society of Martin College, we feel that we have just cause in being proud of our society, since we have been so successful in our attempts to make it "the best" in correspondence with its name. Each member has taken a personal interest in the organization, and, as a result, we have gained knowledge and much pleasure from our weekly meetings.

The Phi Kappa Literary Society of Martin College was organized on Wednesday morning, November 11, 1908, at 11 o'clock, in the college parlor. The officers were elected, and at a called meeting of the cabinet the Programme and By-Laws Committee were appointed. The colors decided upon were white and gold; the flower, the daisy; and the motto, "Strive to Surpass." The pins are very attractive, being diamond-shaped, with black enamel center and the Greek letters  $\Phi \text{ K}$  on them.

Since its organization the society has been having a meeting every Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock.

The members of the Phi Kappa gave a very enjoyable entertainment on Friday evening, February 19, 1908, in the nature of a bazaar. The chapel was dotted with attractive booths, where dainty refreshments were served. A very large crowd attended, and the proceeds amounted to \$30.

At the close of the school year the number of students enrolled was forty-three.

With the beginning of the new term, 1909-10, the Phi Kappa began its usual work on Wednesday morning, September 22, 1909. The new officers were elected and members taken in. Each and every one is enthusiastic in the work and trying to live up to the motto: "Strive to Surpass."

It was good when started, has grown better each month, and we feel sure that before many years the Gold and White will be "the best." So here's to her!

V. C.

# Phi Kappa Society



## OFFICERS.

KATHERINE COLLINS	- - - - -	President
CORINNE WHITE	- - - - -	Vice President
BESSIE OWENS	- - - - -	Secretary
FRANCES B. COLLINS	- - - - -	Chaplain
ELIZABETH WADE	- - - - -	Treasurer
LYLA MILLER	- - - - -	Critic
SARAH ABERNATHY, MINNIE LEE STONE	- - - - -	Marshals

## MEMBERS.

SARAH ABERNATHY.  
MYRTLE ALLEN.  
ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH.  
NELL ANDERSON.  
RACHEL AYMETT.  
McCALLUM AYMETT.  
CREOLA BAIRD.  
MYRTLE BOULDIN.  
BESSIE BRUCE.  
ANNE BUTLER.  
IVA BUTLER.  
EDITH BROWNING.  
JOANNA BRANSFORD.  
RUBY CARTER.  
MARY N. CATHEY.  
PEARL COLE.  
KATHERINE COLLINS.  
FRANCES B. COLLINS.  
ANNIE EDMUNDSON.  
LENA EVANS.  
MAGGIE GRAY.

RUTH HUNTER.  
LUCILE HUNTER.  
LEONA HEAD.  
BERTHA HARRIS.  
ELLEN JENKINS.  
ALMA JONES.  
LUCILE JONES.  
MARSHALL JOHNSON.  
EUNICE KINZER.  
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.  
MARY ELIZA MONTGOMERY.  
BIRDIE MILLER.  
LYLA MILLER.  
LILLIE MILLER.  
IRENE MALONE.  
CARRIE MAY.  
VIRGINIA OLIVER.  
ELIZABETH OLIVER.  
BESSIE OWENS.  
JULIA PATRICK.  
ELSIE PETWAY.

NANCY T. RENN.  
ETHEL L. RAMBO.  
ELIZABETH RUSSELL.  
JANIE PORTER.  
IRENE SCALES.  
MINNIE LEE STONE.  
LESSIE G. TACKER.  
AILEEN TALLY.  
ELIZABETH WADE.  
CORINNE WHITE.  
ALBERTA WILSON.  
IMOGENE WILSON.  
MYRTLE WILLIAMS.  
MYRTLE WALLACE.  
SAM ELLA WALLACE.  
MARGARET WALLACE.  
GLADYS PEDEN.  
BESSIE LOCKE.  
BLANCHE HARDEMAN  
VALERIA CRAVEN.





Phi Kappa Society.



# Y's.



**Badge:** A Knot of White Ribbon.

**Time of Prayer:** Noontide.

## OFFICERS.

MYRTLE BOULDIN	-----	President
TENNIE YOUNGER	-----	Vice President
EULALIA HARWELL	-----	Secretary
BESSIE OWENS	-----	Treasurer

## MEMBERS.

EUNICE KINZER.

LEONA HEAD.

FERN CRUMP.

ELIZABETH RUSSELL.

JANIE PORTER.

MYRTLE BOULDIN.

ANNIE EDMUNDSON.

CORA HOSALE.

JOANNA BRANSFORD.

ESTHER FREEMAN.

TENNIE YOUNGER.

MAGGIE GRAY.

EULALIA HARWELL.

IRENE SCALES.

BESSIE OWENS.

LUCY MEADOWS.

NELL ANDERSON.



Y's.

## *Piano Students*

### PROF. J. B. GRASSE.

LIZZIE MAE BANKS.  
CARRIE MAE WILSON.  
VALERIA CRAVEN.  
MARSHALL JOHNSON.  
MARY THOMAS.  
TENNIE YOUNGER.  
IRENE SCALES.  
IRENE MALONE.  
BROWN COLLINS.  
KATHERINE COLLINS.  
MARY ELIZA MONTGOMERY.  
FLORENCE GILBERT.

ELIZABETH CARTER.  
ANNIE BUTLER.  
SAMMIE SMITH.  
ELIZABETH WADE.  
ELISE SMITH.  
MARGARET MEADOWS.  
RACHEL AYMETT.  
ELLEN JENKINS.  
BESSIE SISK.  
MYRTLE WILLIAMS.  
EUGENE MONTGOMERY.  
LEONA HEAD.

ANNIE EDMUNDSON.  
CORA HOSALE.  
MARY LOU BRAWLEY.  
BESSIE OWENS.  
FRANCES KINZER.  
ROBBIE COOLEY.  
BESSIE JACKSON.  
LYLA MILLER.  
ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.  
RUTH HUNTER.  
JANIE PORTER (Violin).

### MISS FANNIE FROST MILLER.

MAUDE SANDERSON.  
WILLARD CARDEN.  
ELSIE PETWAY.  
CLARA COLE.  
ELIZABETH OLIVER.  
MAGGIE GRAY.  
LUCILE HUNTER.  
NANCY RENN.

ELIZABETH RUSSELL.  
ISABEL BUTLER.  
LOUISE McKENNON.  
LILLIAN SCALES.  
MAGGIE KIRK.  
ORLEAN YOUNG.  
RUTH ESLICK.  
CORINNE WHITE.

MAMIE MADRY.  
MARGARET CHILDERS.  
MARGARET GILLAM.  
NORA PELTON.  
CLEO POTTS.  
ELIZABETH SCALES.  
EUNICE KINZER.





## *Art Students*



MISS BENTON.

CARRIE MAE WILSON.

CLANCIE FOLLIS.

CORINNE WHITE.

KATHLEEN KENNEDY.

ALBERTA WILSON.

ESTHER FREEMAN.

JANIE PORTER.

ELIZABETH SCALES.

VIRGINIA OLIVER.

MRS. W. E. MOORE.

GERTRUDE VAUGHN.



### *A Senior's Farewell*



Dear old Martin, we bid you farewell  
With fond and loving hearts,  
And assure you of the memory of our struggles here  
In learning our different arts.

We'll also remember the good old times,  
And with what gentle patience you bore  
Our many pranks and accidents,  
Even to the breaking of your front glass door.

Those good times are all over now,  
The glass door is back in its place;  
But we have the satisfaction of knowing  
That we went at a right rapid pace.

We are sure we have set good examples  
For the Juniors, who follow behind;  
But, of course, they can never equal us,  
Since they are so much our inferiors in mind.

But it is time for serious thought now,  
As we start on our new career;  
And, whether it brings success or failure,  
We'll give Martin a ringing cheer.

SALLIE WILL CLARK.



## *The Education of Girls*

THE South is just now entering upon an era of educational awakening and development unprecedented since the Renaissance. Then it was a few men who felt called upon by the great Giver of wisdom to start a crusade for higher living; now the influence and interest is as of a mighty forest fire, sweeping ignorance and superstition in its wake.

This movement was born in the South less than a century ago; yet the old idea, "Our boys must be educated, but anything is good enough for the girls," continued to flourish until recent years. Before 1790, even in the cultured city of Boston, girls were not allowed to enter the public schools, and women teachers were almost entirely unknown before the beginning of the nineteenth century. During the preceding century the education of women was simple, prosaic, narrow. It had to do almost exclusively with their training for wives, mothers, housekeepers. Reading, writing, and arithmetic being the extent of their literary attainments, they were necessarily unfitted for companionship and sympathy with man in his struggle to upbuild humanity and ennoble the race.

The lighter (?) domestic duties—such as washing, ironing, weaving, cleaning, sewing, and baking—were thought to be enough to engage a woman's attention. "Then changes came, as all things human change." The world of humanity is moved by extremes, one following another; consequently we are not surprised to note that from this rough style of living for women society soon demanded a mere butterfly existence, and woman almost suddenly arose from a mere drudge to a flippant, doll-like being.

Such a state of affairs made way for a new era. Out of this chaotic state of innocuous desuetude came the powerful system of woman's colleges and schools which are the pride of American civilization. To trace this development step by step must be interesting to all who love humanity, but the story would be too long. Ah, the heritage of such women as Emma Willard, Mary Lyon, Catherine Beecher, and scores of others whom God inspired to cast themselves into the breach to save our girls! Could a more fitting inscription be engraved on the tomb of any biblical saint than Mary Lyon's own words: "There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know my duty or shall fail to do it?"

As much as we honor John Harvard, who made possible the first college in America, we praise and reverence the noble women who were the instruments in God's hands in giving an impetus to the

education of our girls. And the end is not yet. As early as 1861 a noted educator said: "It appears to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development." It might be added that upon the women of our country rests the greater responsibility.

The question may naturally be asked: What is the result of a generation of education for our women?

1. It has not diverted women from marriage, despite so-called "facts" to the contrary.
2. It has not in any sense made woman coarse or vulgar.
3. It has not caused an envious competitive rivalry between man and woman.
4. It has not destroyed the sanctity of home.
5. It has not caused her to be any less what God designed she should be—the companion and helpmeet of man.

Education does, on the other hand—

1. Make woman strong mentally, physically, spiritually.
2. It causes her to be independent and enter many vocations hitherto closed to her.
3. It does cause her to demand more of him who asks to become her husband.
4. It does prepare her to train her children and make home a place of joy to her family.
5. It does conduce to longevity.
6. It does lessen the number of divorces, since the married state is entered into by sane, educated, noble minds.

In brief, we educate our girls to strengthen their powers, to lead them to a larger conception of duty in order that they may be less governed by caprice and fashion, to lessen their contempt for useful labor, to develop that independence necessary for a woman thrown on her own resources, and to give them a higher appreciation of mind in the development of children.

The battle is on. One might as well try to stop the great Niagara in its mad march to the sea or to fight against the stars in their courses as to attempt to check civilization fostered by the education of our girls and young women.

WILLIAM THOMAS WYNN.



# ATHLETICS





## *Basket-Ball Team*



Motto: "Aim for the goal."

**YELL.**

Can't yell.

**Line Up.**

CORA E. JACOBY	- - - - -	Coach
RUTH HUNTER	- - - - -	Business Manager
ANNE BUTLER (Captain)	- - - - -	Center
LYLA MILLER	- - - - -	Right Forward
CREOLA BAIRD	- - - - -	Left Forward
EULALIA HARWELL	- - - - -	Right Guard
NANCY RENN	- - - - -	Left Guard





## *Second Basket-Ball Team*



Motto: " Play ball!"

### YELL.

Racker, chicker! Racker, chicker!

Boom, boom, boom!

Rip, re, rah! Sis, boom, bah!

Second team! Second team!

Rah, rah, rah!

### Line Up.

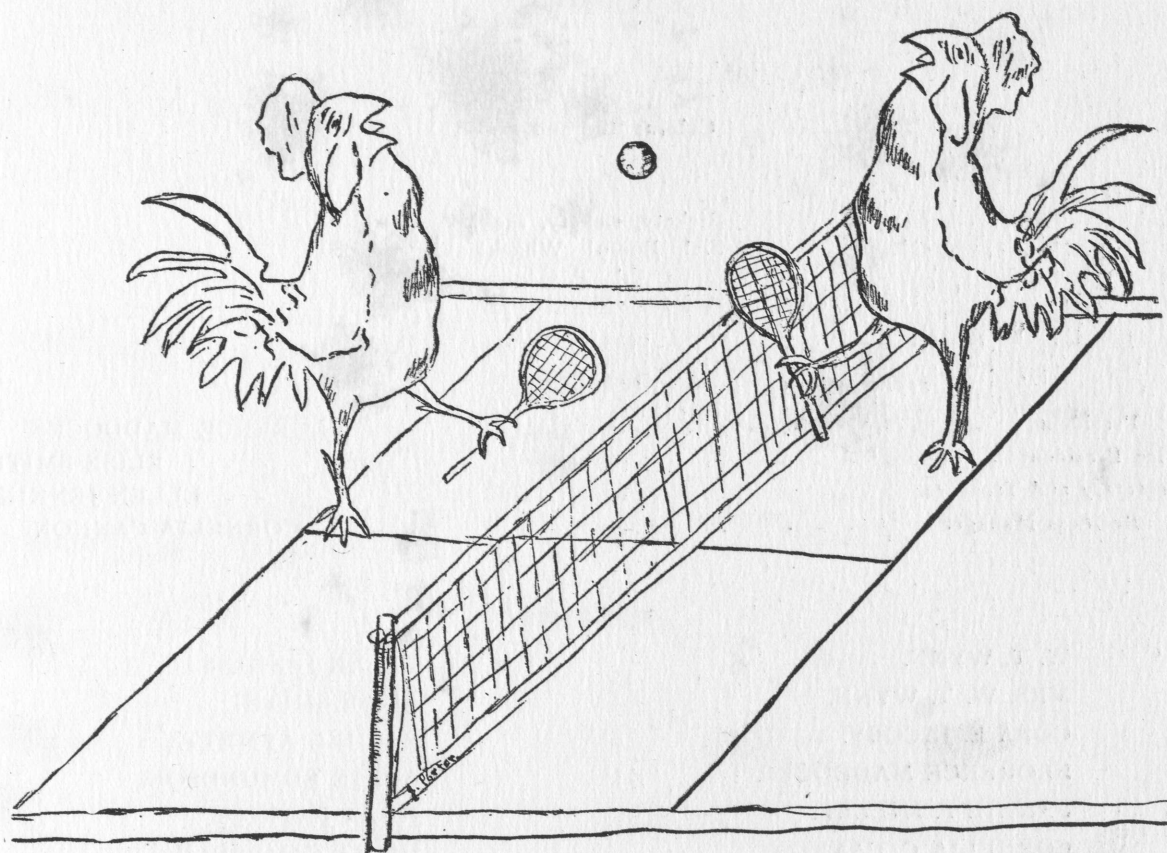
BROWN COLLINS (Captain) - - - - - Center

KATHERINE COLLINS - - - - - Right Forward

CLARA COLE - - - - - Left Forward

MAGGIE GRAY - - - - - Right Guard

NELL ANDERSON - - - - - Left Guard





# Martin College Tennis Club

Organized in 1909.



Colors: Red and Black.

## YELL.

Rickety, rickety, rack!

Sis! Boom! Whack!

T. C.! T. C.!

Red and Black!

## OFFICERS.

President	- - - - -	FLORENCE MADDOCKS
Vice President	- - - - -	ELISE SMITH
Secretary and Treasurer	- - - - -	ELLEN JENKINS
Business Manager	- - - - -	CORNELIA CANNON

## MEMBERS.

W. T. WYNN.  
MRS. W. T. WYNN.  
CORA E. JACOBY.  
FLORENCE MADDOCKS.  
FANNIE F. MILLER.  
CORNELIA C. CANNON.  
IDA PATRICK.  
LINDA STEVENSON.

ELLEN JENKINS.  
ELISE SMITH.  
RACHEL AYMETT.  
ANNIE EDMUNDSON.  
JULIA PATRICK.  
JIMMA CAMPBELL.  
MARY THOMAS.



Martin College Tennis Club.

# Smart Set Tennis Club



Colors: Gold and Black.

Motto: "Raise a racket."

## YELL.

Rickety-rack!  
Quickety-quack!  
Boom-bah, flipety-flop!  
Who's on top?  
Smart Set!

## OFFICERS.

LILLIE REID GRIGSBY	- - - - -	President
JANIE PORTER	- - - - -	Secretary and Treasurer

## MEMBERS.

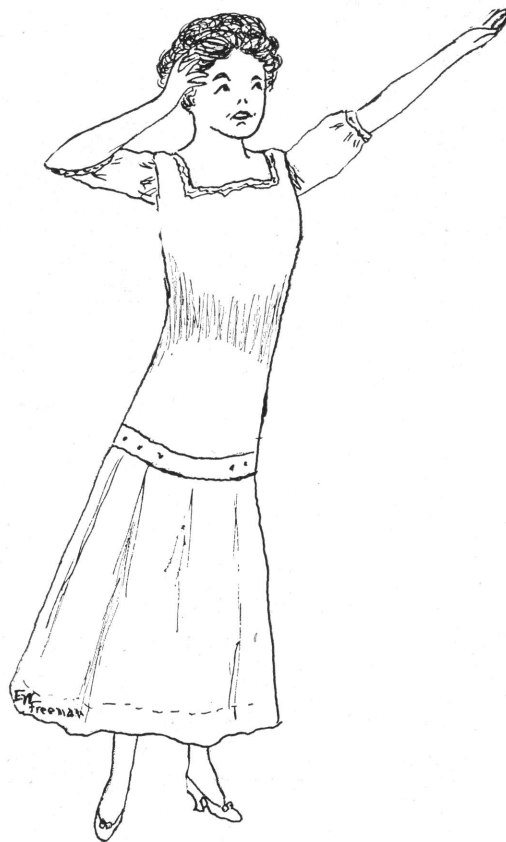
JANIE PORTER.	LUCILE HUNTER.
ELIZABETH WADE.	MARGARET CHILDERS.
LILLIE REID GRIGSBY.	ELIZABETH ARROWSMITH.
LESSIE GRAY TACKER.	ELIZABETH MONTGOMERY.

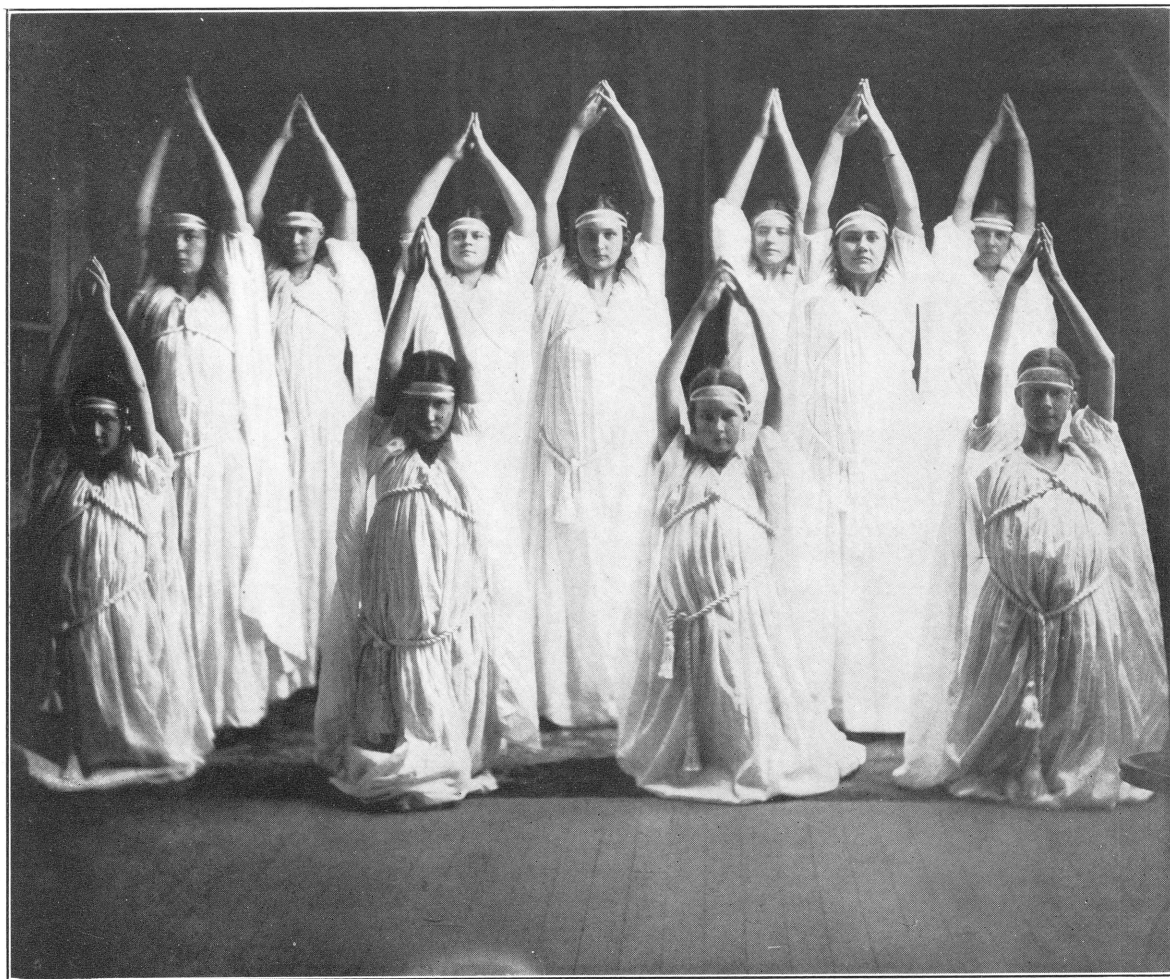




Smart Set.

*Expression*





Emerson Club.



# *Emerson Club*



**Motto:** "Expression necessary to evolution."

**Colors:** Green and Gold.

**Flower:** Jonquil.

## **MEMBERS.**

CARRIE MAE WILSON.

LUCILE JONES.

NANCY TUCKER RENN.

ROBBIE COOLEY.

SAM ELLA WALLACE.

LUCY MEADOWS.

CREOLA BAIRD.

EUGENE MONTGOMERY.

JONNIE MAE NEIL.

ISABEL BUTLER.

LUCILE HUNTER.

MYRTLE WALLACE.

MARGARET ALEXANDER.

LILLIAN SCALES.

SARAH ABERNATHY.

MAY WALES.

CORINNE WHITE.

# Noyes Dramatic Club



**Motto:** "Act, act in the living present."

**Colors:** Red and Black.

**Flower:** Poppy.

## OFFICERS.

NANCY TUCKER RENN - - - - - President  
MINNIE LEE STONE - - - - - Secretary and Treasurer

## "THE BLUE OR THE GRAY."

### Characters.

Madam Mayburn - - - - - LYLA MILLER  
(The principal of the school.)  
Mlle. Fordet - - - - - NANCY RENN  
(The French instructress, possessing great admiration for her own detective powers.)  
Eleanore Hamilton - - - - - EULALIA HARWELL  
(The new arrival.)  
Cecil Holspur - - - - - LUCILE HUNTER  
(A true Southerner.)  
Ruth Anna Morton - - - - - LUCILE JONES  
(A Quakeress.)  
Mabel Davis - - - - - VIRGINIA OLIVER  
Lulu Jefferson - - - - - ELIZABETH OLIVER  
(Cecil's roommate.)  
Madeline Burgson - - - - - BESSIE OWENS  
(“Troubled with English, but more with insomnia.”)  
Helen Hastings - - - - - PEARL COLE  
(“With an unconquerable fondness for Jacks.”)  
Juliet Washington Anabel Jonson - - - - - MINNIE LEE STONE  
(Decidedly above “po’ white trash.”)  
Rosy Harrigan - - - - - CREOLA BAIRD  
(“With a love for the Union subservient to her hatred of niggers.”)



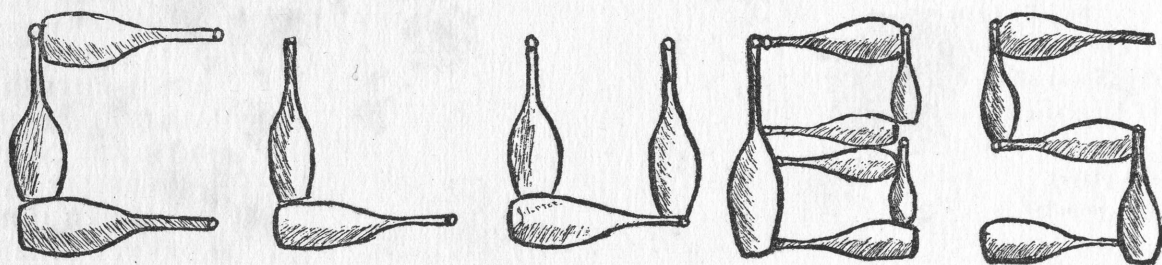
Noyes Dramatic Club.



## *School Statistics*



The prettiest	- - - - -	CORINNE WHITE
The best read	- - - - -	LUCILE JONES
The biggest talker	- - - - -	LESSIE GRAY TACKER
The spendthrift	- - - - -	IVA BUTLER
The biggest flirt	- - - - -	KATE COLLINS
The biggest baby	- - - - -	ELSIE PETWAY
The jelly bean	- - - - -	MARY ELIZA MONTGOMERY
The biggest sport	- - - - -	VIRGINIA OLIVER
The most affected	- - - - -	ANNIE BUTLER
The biggest eater	- - - - -	MARSHALL JOHNSTONE
The primmest	- - - - -	ELIZABETH ABERNATHY
The best player	- - - - -	BESSIE OWENS
The most popular	- - - - -	RUTH HUNTER
The sweetest	- - - - -	FLORENCE GILBERT
The floor walker	- - - - -	RUTH WORLEY
The smiler	- - - - -	FRANCES KINZER
The primper	- - - - -	EUNICE KINZER
The best basket-ball player	- - - - -	MINNIE LEE STONE
The best tennis player	- - - - -	LILLIE REID GRIGSBY
The knocker	- - - - -	SALLIE WILL CLARK
The booster	- - - - -	LEILA MAE BOOTH
The best singer	- - - - -	NAN WHITE
In the office most	- - - - -	NANCY RENN
The most stylish	- - - - -	LILA MILLER





### FAVORITE SONGS.

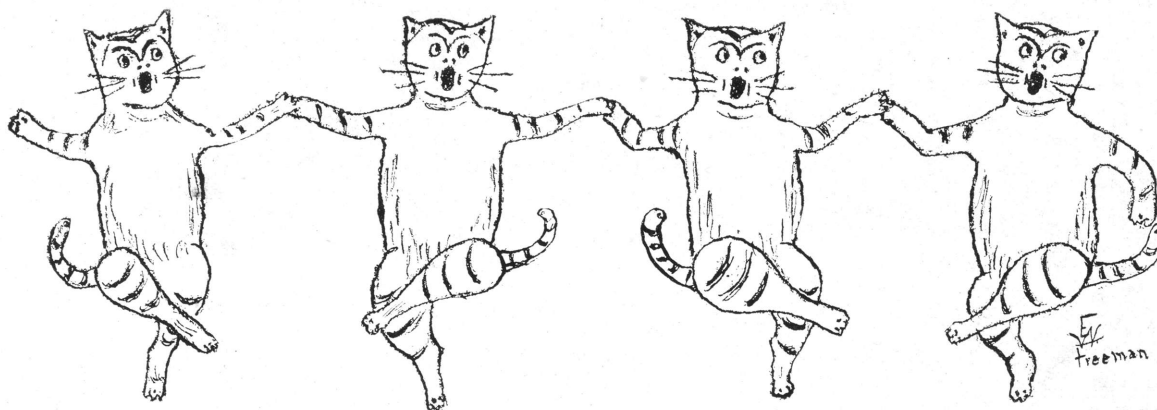
- HERBERT McCALL: "I Can't Do This Sum."  
BESSIE McCASKILL: "Dreaming."  
NAN WHITE: "Powder Rag."  
MINNIE LEE STONE: "Lonesome."  
ELSIE PETWAY: "Home, Sweet Home."  
MRS. KIDD: "Good-by."  
LUCILE HUNTER: "Baby Doll."  
JULIA PATRICK: "Gee, I Wish I Had a Beau!"  
MITCHELL LONG: "Pony Boy."  
ROBERTA McLAURINE: "Take Your Time."  
IRENE SCALES: "Do, Ra, Me, Fa, Sol, La, Se, Do."  
VALERIA CRAVEN: "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep."  
KATHERINE COLLINS: "Ever-Loving, Spooning Sam."  
ANNIE EDMUNDSON: "Keep on the Sunny Side."  
FRANCES KINZER: "Smile, Smile, Smile!"  
WILLIAM HARRIS: "Would You Care" (if I should leave you)?  
IVA BUTLER: "I Wonder Who He's Kissing Now."  
LYLA MILLER: "I Want Some One to Call Me Dearie."  
CORA HOSALE: "Whistle if You Want Me, Dear."  
VIRGINIA OLIVER: "Bring Back My Bonnie to Me."  
CORINNE WHITE: "I Like a Little Loving Now and Then."  
MYRTLE CRAIG: "Gee, But There's Class to a Boy Like You!"  
FRANCES B. COLLINS: "Next to Your Mother, Whom Do You Love?"  
CLARA COLE: "How'd You Like to Have Me for a Sweetheart?"  
RUTH HUNTER: "What's the Use of Moonlight When There's No One Round to Love?"  
MARY E. MONTGOMERY: "I'm Living in Hopes of Getting a Man."  
NANCY RENN: "Gee, But It's Bad to Be Broke, Dead Broke!"  
SALLIE WILL CLARK: "I'm Going to Do What I Please."

MISS AYCOCK, Director.  
MISS MILLER, Pianist.





Glee Club.



"THE" QUARTET.

RUTH HUNTER	- - - - -	First Soprano
VALERIA CRAVEN	- - - - -	Second Soprano
MINNIE LEE STONE	- - - - -	First Alto
SALLIE WILL CLARK	- - - - -	Second Alto

"THE OTHER" QUARTET.

CORINNE WHITE	- - - - -	First Soprano
BROWN COLLINS	- - - - -	Second Soprano
LYLA MILLER	- - - - -	First Alto
KATHERINE COLLINS	- - - - -	Second Alto



"The" Quartet.



"The Other" Quartet.





**Motto:** "Make things lively."

**Password:** "For instance."

**Colors:** Blue and Pink.

**Flower:** Killarney Rose.

**Members.**

**Favorite Expression.**

**Occupation.**

LEILA MAE BOOTH - - - - -	"Listen!" - - - - -	Talking
SALLIE WILL CLARK - - - - -	"Ever I saw" - - - - -	Knocking
MARY E. MONTGOMERY - - - - -	"Honey, it's grand!" - - - - -	Boasting
VALERIA CRAVEN - - - - -	"And, child, let me tell you!" - - - - -	Bumming
VIRGINIA OLIVER - - - - -	"Must be crazy with the heat" - - - - -	Sleeping
MINNIE LEE STONE - - - - -	"O, shoot!" - - - - -	Hasn't any



I. M. P.

# *Sigma Delta Chi*



**Motto:** "Sapiente et Virtute."

**Place of Meeting:** Aloha Hall.

**Colors:** Crimson and Cadet Blue.

**Flower:** American Beauty Rose.

## **YELL.**

Sigma, Sigma, S. D. C!  
Delta, helta, skelta, we!  
Rah, rah, rah! Re, re, re!  
Sigma Delta Chi for me!

## **MEMBERS.**

KATHERINE COLLINS.	FRANCES B. COLLINS.
CORINNE WHITE.	RUTH HUNTER.
LYLA M. MILLER.	IVA BUTLER.
NANCY RENN.	ANNE BUTLER.





Sigma Delta Chi.

# *Omega Chi*



Colors: Purple and Straw.

Flower: Tulips.

Meeting Place: Cozy Corner Hall.

## YELL.

Ripety, ripety! Rah, rah, rah!  
Purple, purple! Straw, straw, straw!  
Chiro, shiro! Rip, ree, rah!  
Omega Chi, Omega Chi! Yaw, yaw, yaw!

## MEMBERS.

WILLARD CARDEN.

ELSIE PETWAY.

MAGGIE GRAY.

ELIZABETH RUSSELL.

ALMA JONES.

MAY WALES.



Omega Chi.

# *Chafing-Dish Club*



Colors: Apple Green and Black.

Flower: Apple Blossom.

Motto: "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow you may die."

Place of Meeting: No. 19.

## MEMBERS.

IVA BUTLER	- - - - -	Peanut Grabbler
KATHERINE COLLINS	- - - - -	Chief Bottle Washer
ANNE BUTLER	- - - - -	Onion Monopolizer
FRANCES B. COLLINS	- - - - -	Chief Cook
NANCY T. RENN	- - - - -	Biggest Eater
RUTH HUNTER	- - - - -	Sausage Grinder
CORINNE WHITE	- - - - -	Biggest Drinker
LYLA MILLER	- - - - -	Nut Cracker
AVA B. AYCOCK	- - - - -	Chief Buyer





Chafing-Dish Club.



## *Dutch Club*



**Motto:** "Laugh and grow fat."

**Colors:** Light Blue and White.

**Flower:** Forget-Me-Not.

**Place of Meeting:** As far from the faculty as possible.

### **MEMBERS.**

FERN CRUMP.

LESSIE GRAY TACKER.

MARGARET MEADOWS.

BESSIE OWENS.

ROBBIE COOLEY.

BIRDIE MILLER.

## *A Tribute to Martin College*



Drink to Martin, which long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh—  
The college which gives to girls  
What gold can never buy.  
O, Martin's heart was made  
For Wynn's hands alone!  
By other fingers played,  
It yields not half the tone.  
Then here's to Martin, which long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh—  
The college which gives to girls  
What gold can never buy.

At Martin's door of glass  
Ignorance and Knowledge one day stood.  
They asked her which might pass;  
She answered: "She who could."  
Without a key, Ignorance thought  
To pass—but 'twould not do;  
While Knowledge a diamond brought,  
Which cut her bright way through.  
So here's to Martin, which long  
Hath waked the poet's sigh—  
The college which gives to girls  
What gold can never buy.

LUCILE JONES.

## *How a Prayer Was Answered*

**J**UST before the great battle of Shiloh, when the soldiers were eating their scanty evening meal, a man rode hurriedly up to the camp, and, dismounting, gave to an orderly a letter for Jack Marlow, and left directions for immediate delivery.

This was done; and when Jack had read the letter, he sat down and thought over it for a while; but he could stand to stay there no longer. He arose, and, without making his intentions known, made his way quietly out of the camp. The moon was shining brightly. The dewdrops sparkled like diamonds on the beautiful green leaves as they waved to and fro in the bright moonlight. He traveled on and on until he became footsore and weary, and felt it impossible to go farther. Seeing an old millhouse, he sought refuge under its roof. He slept soundly until he was awakened by a peculiar sound a short time before day. Raising himself, he listened, and seemed to catch the sound of voices as the water poured over the dam with a "wabble, wabble." He listened again, and this time heard the sound of footsteps approaching nearer and nearer. He quivered with excitement. For a moment he thought of the army, then of that precious mother. He breathed a prayer to God for help and guidance.

"What are you doing here?" said a rough voice.

Jack raised up from behind a box, and, to his surprise, there stood two soldiers from his camp.

"Please don't shoot!" said Jack. "Wait a minute! I have something to show you."

He pulled from his pocket a brown envelope, and, handing it to the stranger, said: "Read this, and spare my life for the sake of those who love me."

The soldier lowered his gun angrily, and, unfolding the letter, he read:

"Dear Jack: We are all sitting around the fireside to-night and thinking of the day when you will return to be with those who love you. We are out of coal, and I spent the last penny to buy bread for our dinner. Your mother is very low, but hopes she can live to see her boy return. As I write, baby is on her knees by her little bed, lisping a prayer to God to guard you from harm. Good night.

"Your loving wife, MARY."

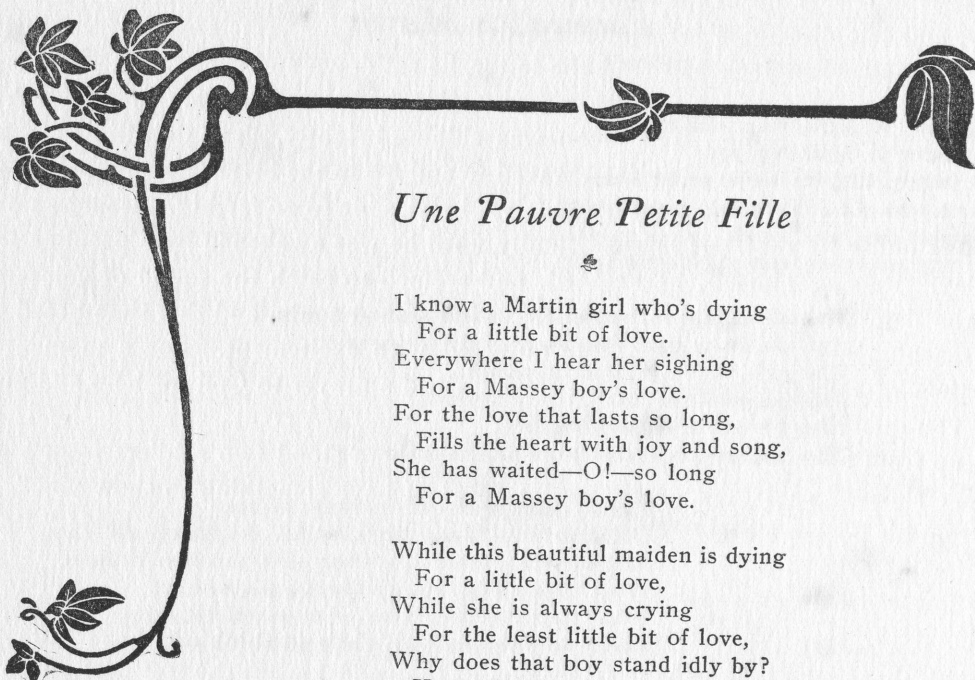
The stranger slowly folded the letter. His strong heart was touched. He thought of home and his own precious mother.

"Take it, my brave fellow," he said, "and hurry to that mother. May God spare her to see her soldier boy."

They bade each other farewell and departed.

MAMIE MADRAY.





*Une Pauvre Petite Fille*



I know a Martin girl who's dying  
For a little bit of love.  
Everywhere I hear her sighing  
For a Massey boy's love.  
For the love that lasts so long,  
Fills the heart with joy and song,  
She has waited—O!—so long  
For a Massey boy's love.

While this beautiful maiden is dying  
For a little bit of love,  
While she is always crying  
For the least little bit of love,  
Why does that boy stand idly by?  
He could win her if he'd try;  
Just go and say, "Here am I,"  
With a little bit of love.

LUCILE JONES.

## *Farewell to Martin*



Dear Martin, we leave thee with regret;  
We are sorry at departing, yet  
Are we happy, too, for we're going home,  
And there's no place like home, sweet home;  
But the fact that we "finish" gives us pain,  
For we may never see dear old Martin again.

We will always remember the lessons that we learned,  
And the faults that were there to virtues turned,  
The girls with whom we chummed,  
And the books we marked and thumbed.  
Also we will ever hold in mind  
The teachers so sympathetic and so kind.

Dear Martin, ever will we think of you,  
Oft in the mind's eye the beautiful campus we will view;  
And we will wonder how many girls you have in hand,  
What frolics and annuals they've planned,  
What pleasures they have, what games they play,  
And if they are studying in the good old way.

We hope you will gain the heights of success,  
And have a full measure of happiness.  
We know that if you always have the faculty of 1910,  
All heights to glory you will ascend;  
And a foremost place you'll win,  
If you always have for President, W. T. Wynn.

LUCILE JONES.

## Miscellaneous

### A MASSEY BOY'S LAMENT.

(With apologies to Thomas Moore.)

The time I've lost in wooing,  
In watching and pursuing  
The light that lies  
In a Martin girl's eyes,  
Has been my heart's undoing.  
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,  
I scorned the lore she brought me;  
My only books  
Were that Martin girl's looks,  
And folly's all they've taught me.

LUCILE JONES.



Why is the office crowded?  
What means the stir in the halls?  
Why, don't you know? Can't you imagine?  
It's time for telephone calls.



M. E. Montgomery (reading in Virgil):  
"It comes to me, it is glorious to die in  
arms."

S. W. Clark (thoughtfully): "It's owing to  
whose arms it is."



Brown C.: "Come here, Nancy! Don't this  
man look more like a woman than any man  
you ever saw?"

Nancy: "Who is it?"

Brown: "George Eliot."



Miss Aycock: "Elizabeth Montgomery, who  
is the greatest soprano singer?"

Elizabeth: "Paderewski, decidedly."



Leila Mae asked: "What 'color' is Killar-  
ney?"

Roberta (wisely): "Why, that's a stone."

(And then the laugh was on both of them.)



Ruth Hunter in spelling class gave a sen-  
tence containing the phrase "concussion of the  
brain."

Mary Eliza spoke up and said: "Why, you  
don't speak of 'concussion of the brain;' you  
speak of 'convulsion of the brain.'"



Elizabeth Arrowsmith (at the close of the  
society): "Madam President, I adjourn that  
we move."



Professor Wynn (discussing Emerson and  
Bender's Grammar): "This book was written,  
I think, by two ladies. I know Miss Bender  
is a lady, but I don't know whether Miss Em-  
erson is or not."



Wanted—A braid, any shade, by Leona  
Head.





Wanted—To correspond with any man  
matrimonially inclined.—Katherine Collins.



Wanted—To know who sat on the “stump.”



Wanted—The teachers not to ask the girls  
why they persist in hanging out the west win-  
dows, for fear of embarrassing them.



Lost—Professor Wynn’s round-trip ticket  
to Alaska.



Lost—The Seniors’ and Juniors’ privileges,  
never to be found.



Wanted—To know where the familiar ex-  
pression, “perfectly clear,” originated.



Wanted—To know what significance “Har-  
rigan” has for Nancy.



Wanted—To know why Kate C. ran fran-  
tically to Professor Wynn’s class room after  
Dr. Ogden’s ghost lecture.



Sallie Will: “Cleo, who did you vote the  
homeliest girl in school?”

Cleo: “Lyla Miller.”

S. W.: “Why, I don’t think Lyla is homely.”

Cleo: “I think she seems more at home than  
any girl up here.”



Wanted—To know whose “net dress” it is.



Wanted—To know where to locate Annie  
B.’s affections.



### IN ALASKA.

In Alaska, so they say,  
People do wrong every day;  
They don’t their lessons get,  
And over the boys often fret.  
On Sunday evenings make such noise  
By waving at the Pulaski boys!  
They are dreadful people, full of sin;  
If you don’t believe me, ask Mr. Wynn.

MYRTLE WILLIAMS.



“To err is human,” quoth Mr. Wynn,  
Of the class of nineteen nine and ten.  
While on their way to town one day,  
Blissfully ignorant, imagine their dismay,  
Never dreaming of any one meeting,  
When Mr. Wynn gave them this greeting:  
“Where are you going, my pretty maids?”  
“To the post office, kind sir,” they said.  
“Pray, what are you going to do there?”  
“Frighten a wee Massey,” they all declare.  
“Be sure your sins will find you out;  
I’ll tell Mr. Massey what you’re about.  
Now one and all accept this rule—  
No more post office while you’re in school.”

L. M. B.



## *Tangled-Up Suit Cases*

"**J**ACK, old boy, life's worth living, after all!" exclaimed Harry Tremmer, as he threw himself into the seat of a Pullman just as the train started off with a lurch.

"Same thought was passing through my mind," returned Jack. "But, I say, Harry, this girl question bothers me. You know, I never was much with the girls, and surely would feel considerably more at ease if there were to be none on this house party. I understand that there is generally an equal number of boys and girls."

Jack gave a deep sigh, for the very thought of talking to a girl one whole hour made him tremble.

"Old man, don't take it so hard. Most of the girls are college girls from eighteen to twenty years old, all of whom can walk and most of them can talk; so you will hardly have one crying on your hands without being able to tell what's the matter. I shall keep an eye on you and a helping hand out for you, anyhow."

"Thanks;" and it sounded as if the word came from the bottom of his heart.

The two boys, Jack Harner and Harry Tremmer, lifelong chums and companions, lived in a progressive town in North Carolina, and were on their way to attend a house party at Tampa, Fla. It was during the Christmas holidays, and the party was to last ten days at this delightful Southern resort.

Jack and Harry knew several of the boys invited, but only two girls—one, Shirley Burrow, from Kentucky, and one from their own town. Since Shirley was to be there, it made little difference to Harry whether any other girl arrived or not.

Harry was six feet and broad in proportion. This was his second year in college; and he was not only making good marks and scores of friends, but was carrying everything before him in the athletic field. His chum, Jack, was also a Sophomore, studious and popular, but went in for baseball only. They were a nice pair—manly, straightforward, clean, courteous boys, whom every one liked and had perfect confidence in.

Jack was reading the last college magazine, and Harry sat twirling his knife, deep in thought. He was thinking of Jack. He knew he would never enjoy the trip if Jack did not. He knew also that Jack not only objected to girls, but was really afraid of them. How in the world would he manage Jack in order to make him overcome that one failing? He had heard of accidents happening which would

throw off reserve and make friends of people, and he decided to resort to something of the kind. He remembered suddenly that some of the party would join them at Atlanta, and his mind quickly settled on a plan. If any of the girls came on with a suit case, he would mix Jack's and the girl's. There would be no harm, because they were going to the same house, and, after a little surprise and consternation, they would be returned to the rightful owners and all would be well; and, he reasoned, this funny little incident would give Jack and the girl something in common to laugh at.

It was a beautiful plan, and he smiled in anticipation, then cast a hasty, guilty look to see if by any chance Jack had read his thoughts; but Jack was reading and apparently unconscious of the leading part he was to play.

When they reached Atlanta, several of the party joined them—four boys whom they already knew and three girls who were perfect strangers. Jack and Harry jumped up to greet their friends and meet the girls and help them get settled. O, joy! Two girls had suit cases with them. Luck was with him. He saw Jack moving his suit case and watched where he placed it. There it was, all alone, with a string tied to the handle. When they left home, this string had held one of Jack's cards, placed there as a precaution against mix-ups in baggage; but Harry noticed that in the rush of holiday travel the card had been pulled off and only the string remained; but even this was enough to carry out his plan. When the other boys had gone to the smoker, he slipped back and examined the grips. Both suit cases were free from cards, but one had the girl's initials on the end.

They reached Tampa on Sunday morning between ten and eleven o'clock. Several of the boys had checked their baggage; so, taking up the girl's grips, they left Jack and Harry with only their own to see after. The hostess met them with horses and traps to drive out to her home, which was several miles from the city.

The hostess asked Harry if he objected to staying and waiting for Shirley Burrow's train, which was delayed two hours, while she went on with the rest of the party. He was only too glad that fate was so kind, and, accordingly, a horse and buggy were left behind for his use.

Just as he helped the last girl in the carriage, his foot slipped, and in some unaccountable way he smeared axle grease all over one leg of his trousers and tore it almost half around.

"Drive on; don't worry!" he called to them. "I'll have plenty of time to go to a hotel and make a change."

Harry threw his coat around him and made for the hotel, secured a room, and proceeded to make the change. He looked at the trousers. They were indeed in a dreadful fix. He could never use



them again. Seeing a little negro girl pass on the street below, he threw them to her, telling her to take them to her dad. Then he opened the suit case for another pair. He gave one look, then a yell, and backed against the wall as far from it as he could. Out of the case in profusion rolled powder, puffs, combs of all descriptions, slippers, pins, gloves, and fancy things which he had seen girls wear around their necks, but knew not the name of. All this is pretty enough for a girl, but strikes terror to a man's heart when it comes out of a grip where he expects his trousers to be.

How on earth could it all have happened? But he had no time to think, but must act; so he rang the bell. He gave the boy money to buy him a pair, but was reminded of the fact that it was Sunday. Then he sent him to every man in the hotel, but every one there was short and dumpy. He had little time to waste, so he finally begged and pleaded with the clerk to fix him up in some fashion. The clerk went off and returned some minutes later with a pair of trousers, which struck Harry about three inches above the shoes, and a pair of boots. And now his overcoat was put on, though perspiration was streaming down his face.

He hurried to the station, met Shirley, and but for his uneasiness they would have had a very pleasant drive. Finally the house rose in sight, and Harry asked Shirley if she minded getting out alone, as the horse was so wild he was really afraid to risk it. Shirley ran up the front steps, while Harry drove around to the back. He gained his room and sent for Jack.

Harry told his story to Jack, who nearly went into convulsions, but soon became serious over the matter.

"Who else has their suit cases mixed?" asked Harry.

"No one," answered Jack.

"Why, I have one of these girls', and she has mine."

"No, every girl has her baggage all right."

"And my suit case isn't here?" panted Harry.

"No, there were not any extra ones," was the consoling reply.

It was curious about his suit case, he thought, but said aloud: "Who is there in the house that I can borrow a pair of trousers from, then, Jack?"

"There's not another fellow anywhere near your height and build, old fellow."

"But I've got to have a pair of trousers!" yelled Harry.

After a careful tour of the house, it was found that there was not a pair anywhere near Harry's size; consequently he had to stay in his room until Monday, when Jack could drive to the city and get him

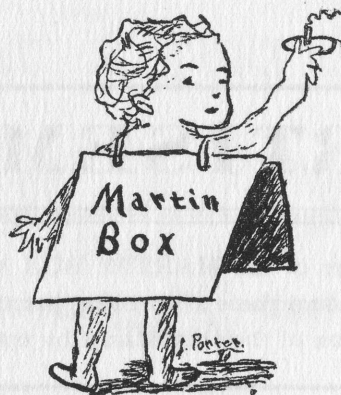
a pair; and he was five days in getting his grip from the girl who had got off several stations ahead of Tampa and had mistaken Harry's suit case for her own.

The thoughtfully-worked-out scheme on the train had not worked at all. The suit case Harry saw Jack put down belonged to one of the girls, and Harry had simply slipped the string from one girl's case to another's, both girls belonging to the house party. But he helped Jack get acquainted, after all; for while he was shut up in his room, Jack was explaining the funny situation and entertaining his girl, and Harry's, too, until Harry was able to appear in public.

N. T. R. ('10).







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And win for Martin fame,  
Till everywhere that you have went  
They're glad that you have came!

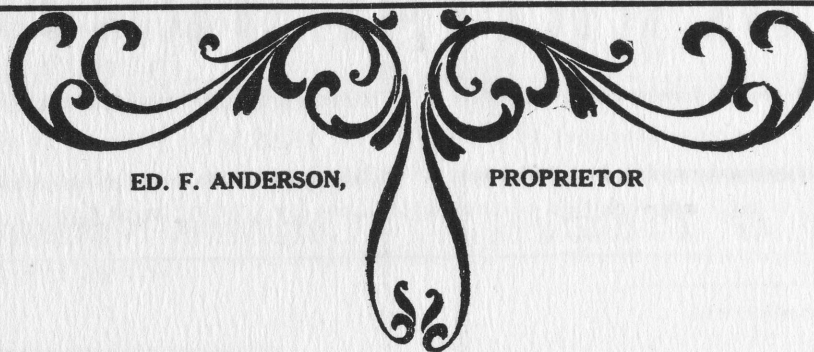
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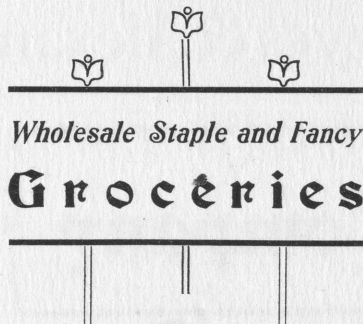
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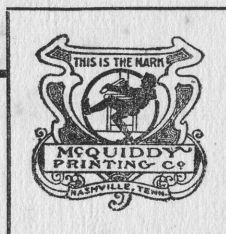
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